FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

"TAKE FAST HOLD OF INSTRUCTION; LET HER NOT GO; KEEP HER; FOR SHE IS THY LIFE."

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AGENTS.—Joseph S. Cohu, Joseph T. McDowell, *New York*.
Benj. Stratton, *Richmond, Ind.*

LIFE AND RELIGIOUS EXERCISES OF JANE PEARSON.

(Continued from page 226.)

My case now, in my own view, was exceedingly deplorable; so that I neither eat nor slept much, which occasioned a visible decline in my health. Indeed I was just a wonder to behold; the people wondering what had befallen me. The enemy followed me closely with most grievous besetments; things that my very soul loathed would he charge upon me to be my own: and I; not having strength to resist, with a "Get thee behind me, Satan;" or, on the other hand, experience to distinguish what proceeded from the enemy, and his grievous insinuations, and what arose from the weakness of nature; every thing appeared out of order, and a confused mass it was. I did believe none ever was in such a state before; nor have I ever read of any of our Friends that I thought had gone through such various trying dispensations; what if I say for two sabbaths of years in which I feared I should never get to the better side.

I ate my bread weeping, and mingled my drink with my tears; I was as amongst fiery serpents, and as in the jaws of a devouring adversary, who was exulting and darting into my mind, that the next temptation would sweep me away: and things were hurried into my mind, one after another, as swift as thought, and as dark as the darkest night. Oh! that my troubles were written with an iron pen, and lead in the rock for ever! For surely an hundredth part is far beyond my power of description. And had not mercy been extended to me in this trying season, truly I had fallen; for the dispensation was so severe, that I could not tell how to live under it; so that I wished the Almighty would, by an act of his power, snatch me from mortals, though it might be by an accidental death; for I still believed that if he did take me, it would be in mercy. So earnest was I after holiness and virtue, that I often besought Him that he would never suffer me to sin against him; that I might not be eternally ranked with unclean and abominable spirits, which my very soul loathed.

I now abhorred myself as in dust and ashes, because the enemy was thus permitted to assault me. But through all, my intellects were preserved clear, and my reason sound.

About this time I was much drawn inward in prayer; for truly my tempted, bewildered state called for it; and for a time I believe I prayed without ceasing: and yet, the Lord knew what I needed, to fit me for his work and service. And now, for my further refinement, the Almighty permitted the enemy to come still nearer; although I might say with one formerly, "Why doth he yet find fault, for who hath resisted his will?" And this was one of the closest trials I ever met with: so that one evening when the enemy accused me of evil, and I turned in prayer to the Judge of all the earth, making my appeal that He knew I was not wicked, beseeching that he would rebuke the devourer for my sake, and set me at liberty to serve him, it was darted as quick as lightning: "There is no God!" Oh! then how did I mourn! Believing there was none who had the least remains of good that was ever tried in this manner. I thought I was now sinning against the Holy Ghost, and that I was the most wretched creature upon earth; the enemy following hard with his bitter whispering: "To what dost thou pray? There is no God."

I never opened my case, under this dispensation, to any one; for I believed whoever I opened my mind to, would believe I had been guilty of some gross thing, and therefore was a castaway; and I thought if I met with discourage-

ment, I should not be able to bear the Lord's hand in judgment; because I had sinned against him. At length I witnessed the truth of that declaration, "When the Lord's judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants learn righteousness;" for truly I did experience inward purity of heart and cleanness of hand; and in the Lord's own time he gave access to his throne; and the spirit of prayer and supplication was poured out upon me, with a "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth:" I then felt a holy sense of this truth: "The Lord liveth; and because he lives, I live also."

This dispensation, when it had prepared the way of the Lord, and made his paths straight, passed away, and I had now to say, the Lord liveth, and I speak not falsely, because I know what that precious knowledge of God has cost me. I note these things for the help of any that may have been tried as I have been; for if I had met with any such account, it would have relieved me; there might be some testimonies of Friends in the accounts of their lives somewhat similar; but I had not read them, or they had gone from me. Nor could I believe that any who were under the Divine notice, or turning of the holy hand, were suffered to abide so long a time under such dark bewildering suggestions.

May all who are thus proved, believe that way will be made for their escape! Do not despond nor cast away your confidence! I feel united to the suffering seed, wherever they are, or of whatever society they may be: I mourn with those that mourn, compassionating their distress. My commiseration and tender feeling is towards these; and I can address them, not from any degree of experience to boast of; but from the depth of humility can say, "*Trust in God.* He can set his seed at liberty, and will do it."

I now began to have great scruples respecting my wearing apparel, as also that of my children, the furniture of our house, &c. &c. I coveted to have all things enough in the simplicity. I thought of John's raiment of camel's hair, a leathern girdle about his loins, and his meat locusts and wild honey. There was no delicacy here, either in eating or apparel. And now, whatever the strong will in me seemed to loathe, or have an aversion to, into that very thing, in the cross, was I led; though it seemed, an indignity to my very frame and disposition which was not thoroughly redeemed from nicety, and a desire to be somewhat in the eyes of the world. Thus I was led till I had no will; and was simple enough, through being mortified every moment; for I had always some scruple upon my mind whether things were right or not, till I was rendered flexible and docile, ready to take any impression the Lord would stamp upon me; and I pray it may be that of holiness, during my stay in mutability; and afterwards may I join the triumphant church, praising the Lord God and the Lamb for ever and ever.

About this time I began to have some light and life about me. I could not have believed that I should have been so clear of the bitter whisperings and insinuations of the crooked, piercing serpent; it being natural to conclude, when things are so out of order, and the adversary has effected such an inroad into the mind, making a prey of it, that things will be hard to set to rights; but it is the Lord's work, and he shall have the praise; for it is due to Him, and nothing is due to the creature.

I measurably witnessed an overcoming, and a little getting of the victory; the head of the serpent being bruised, and the accuser cast down, and his accusations silenced, being acquitted of his false high charges against me; and in lieu thereof, I obtained a precious feeling of justification, all old things being done away by that baptism which saves: all things became new, and all things of God. I now began again to have some view, that I must tell to others what the Lord had done for my soul; how he had plucked me out of the horrible pit, out of the mire and clay; letting me feel the sure foundation, and that I was to keep upon it, and proclaim the new song that He would put into my mouth.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN RULE.

It is said of an Indian, that whenever he got into a bad place in a swamp, where the ground was too soft for safety, he put up a stake to mark the place. Thus he not only avoided the danger himself, but kept others from falling into the same snare. Might not every Christian learn a lesson from this rude son of the forest, not only to guard against his own false steps, but as he prays, "lead us not into temptation," to be careful to remove temptation out of his brother's path?

From Principles of Peace.

STATE OF THE SOCIETY OE FRIENDS, PREVIOUS TO, AND DURING THE REBELLION.

(Concluded from page 231.)

The day after Enniscorthy was taken by the Insurgents, several of the poor distressed Protestants, mostly women, returned homeward to the village, which they had deserted when the army left it. Two females, servants to the Bishop of Ferns, and a woman whose husband was killed the day before, came, with the children of the latter, to the Friend's door, as persons that had no dwelling-place. They stood in the street, looking up and down in all the eloquence of silent distress. Though he had but small accommodation, his heart and his house were both

open to the afflicted: and, notwithstanding the severe threatenings he received from the *then* ruling party, for entertaining those to whom they were hostile, he and his family endeavored to accommodate all they could without distinction. Even of the United Irishmen, such as staid in the town, and as many of their wives and families as could find room, used to come to his house at night to lodge, supposing themselves more secure than in their own habitations.

This was also the case in the houses of most other members of the Society, in any way exposed to the contending parties. And, in such a state of anarchy, when all laws were disregarded, and every man acted according to his own will, however perverse, it was not surprising that instances of ingratitude should now and then appear; one of these may be mentioned:—Previously to the breaking out of the rebellion, the military had destroyed the habitation and property of a neighboring farmer, who, with his family, sought shelter at the house of another member of the Society, near Ferns. He provided them with one of his out-houses to live in, until they could better their conditions. But when *their* party got the ascendency, the farmer took possession of his protector's dwelling-house, and manifested his intention of turning him and his family out of it; and probably would have carried it into execution, had not the short duration of the United Irishmen's power prevented this ungrateful determination.

It may be noticed that, during the continuance of the struggle, the houses of Friends appeared to be marked out for places of entertainment. They were almost constantly full, day and night; and it was matter of surprise that their provisions held out as they did to the end of the conflict. The members of the Society, and some of the *then* oppressed party, sometimes conveyed provisions to one another privately. The United Men sometimes offered part of their own stock; but when it was known to be plunder, or, as it was called, the spoils of war, the Friends declined to accept it; and it was evident that such refusal was mostly taken in the light of an offence. Indeed, the United Men often discovered their chagrin because they could not prevail upon the members of the Society to unite with them in their requisitions.

From the number of United Men who came to lodge almost every night in the Friends' houses, these were in continual danger of falling a prey to the King's army, if it should make an attack on the town; and, on the other hand, the Friends were continually threatened by the pikemen for not turning out the poor fugitive Protestant women and their children, who had taken shelter under their roofs. But, although they appeared to be in danger, according to human apprehension, from both parties, they were, in fact alternately protected by both.

The Friend above mentioned, who was nearly dispossessed by the ungrateful farmer, being, at one time, much threatened for not complying in this respect, very candidly told the men who threatened him, that he would not turn out poor distressed creatures from his house, whatever might be the consequence, and, seeing his firmness, they did not enforce compliance, although they expressed great dissatisfaction.

Some of them also came one morning to the other Friend, and told him, his house was to be burned that day, in consequence of his refusal to turn out the Protestant women that were it. He replied, that "if they did so he could not help it; but that as long as he had a house, he would keep it open to succor the distressed; and, if they burned it for that reason, he must only *turn out* along with them, and share in their affliction."

It so happened that this was the regular day on which the Meeting for Worship of the Society, in that quarter, was to be held, about a mile from Ferns; and, notwithstanding the alarming denunciation, he considered it his duty to take his family with him to meeting, leaving his home with a heavy heart, as he expected soon to be without a habitation, as well as the means of present support. On his return to Ferns, however, he was rejoiced to see his dwelling entire; and his heart was filled with praises and thankfulness to the good Providence that had preserved it. Whatever might have been the reason that prevented them from executing the threat, their evil disposition towards him on that account seemed to be changed; for they did not make any requisition of the kind afterwards.

Throughout the calamity, it was his uniform experience, that the more he attended to what he conceived to be right in his own conduct, the more he seemed to be respected by them; even when he expostulated with them on account of the cruelties committed by their party, as at Vinegar Hill, Wexford, and Scullabogue. They quietly listened to his remonstrance, and frequently acknowledged the wrong.

A party of the King's army, stationed in Newtown-barry, came to Ferns to disperse the United Irishmen who held possession of the place. The latter, at first, made some demonstrations as if they would risk a battle; but seeing that the regular troops opposed to them were provided with cannon, they fled away from the town. On hearing that the army was coming in, the Friend stood at his own door, lest he should be suspected of being an enemy. When the military came near his door, one of the soldiers, stepping out of the ranks, presented a gun at his breast, and was on the point of drawing the trigger, when the Friend call to him "*to desist from murder.*" The soldier, like one struck with amazement, immediately let the gun fall from his shoulder, and presently his officers interfered

for the Friend's protection; whose life was thus preserved, as on the right hand and on the left.

Some of the inhabitants of this village, who were found unarmed in the houses, being made prisoners by the soldiers, they pleaded their innocence; but, in such a state of things, they could not easily prove it. The commanding officer therefore desired, that if there were any Quakers in the town, they would get certificates of good behaviour from them; which, he added, he would be willing to accept, and then to liberate them. The same Friend was accordingly applied to on behalf of several, and procured their liberation. Had he been put to death by the hand of the hasty soldier, it is easy to see that those who obtained their release afterwards by his means, would probably have shared the same fate, for want of credible testimonials; and thus one sacrifice would have been added to another, and Death would have multiplied its victims without any regard to their innocence. Thus it is when violence is permitted to reign; and thus it would be on every occasion if there were not an overruling Providence to say to the peaceful sufferer in his wrongs—"It is enough;" and to the proud oppressor in his fury—"Thus far shalt thou go."

A Friend of Enniscorthy in formed an acquaintance, that, on the day when the town was taken from the rebels by the army, he was in great distress, thinking it the most critical and dangerous time of the whole; for he supposed that, on the entrance of the soldiers, they would consider that every man, whom they found alive in colored clothes, was a rebel, and consequently would put him to death. As he was walking up and down one of the upper street-rooms of his house, he heard voices in the street, and, looking out, saw some soldiers carrying a wounded man, (supposed to be an officer,) and seeking for a place of safety in which to deposit their charge. The Friend, opening the window, told them they might bring him into his house. On hearing his voice, one of the soldiers looked up, and, seeing the Friend, exclaimed, "That is a Quaker; we may safely go in there;" which they did, with their wounded comrade; and, when the main body of the army entered, seeing soldiers in the house, they went in without fear, and without injuring the place. One of the Generals took up his quarters for some time in the house.

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simple manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart.

The richest legacy we can leave to those that we love, is the remembrance of the virtues we practised while upon earth. It is like an incense, a perfumed breath that lulls and charms grief itself.

EAST INDIANS IN ENGLAND.

The following extract is taken from a private letter, received from a member of London Yearly Meeting.—Eds.

"A very interesting fact has come under our Yearly Meeting's notice, in a visit of two Indians from Calcutta, who arrived just before its commencement. A man and his wife have been induced to come over, to become more acquainted with the principles as held by Friends.

I have not heard their history fully; but believe they are belonging to a small body, who met to worship after our manner *before* they became acquainted with Friends or their writings.

At the first sitting of the Yearly Meeting, it was decided they should be allowed to attend its proceedings, and these (we must believe them to be) earnest seekers have been regularly seen in the respective meetings, under the especial auspices of Robert and Christine Alsop."

ASSOCIATION

IN ITS

COMMERCIAL, MORAL AND RELIGIOUS ASPECTS.

BY WM. BENNETT.

(Continued from page 229.)

This I believe to be the true *rationale* of the decay of institutions, and of the fact to which all history and experience testify, of how speedily every society or organization loses the purity of its first conception and design, and begins to fall below the idea of its founder. Although sacred history has quite another standard, regarded simply as an authentic record, how soon and how strikingly did practical Judaism, in its successive stages, fall beneath the ideal of Moses! What were the ancient schools of Grecian philosophy, compared with Socrates and Plato, with Zeno and Epicurus! At what very early stages did Christianity itself begin to exhibit distinct phases and symptoms of corruption; and the period when Constantine *established* it, and it was first made subservient to political and party purposes, dates likewise the commencement of its greatest declensions! The Roman Catholic idea of the Church universal is undoubtedly the true one, but with whomsoever the first carrying out of that idea into the assumption of outward supremacy originated,—what avenues of abuse has it opened, and what a system of spiritual tyranny has it exercised all the world over! The institutors of the several Roman Catholic orders were men of marked piety and exemplary self-denial; and perhaps, without exception, had no other object in view than giving a permanent form and location to their own discipline and aspirations, but how miserably have their systems failed! Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier were men of apostolic

zeal and character, such as we have rarely seen in any age since the first; but what has been the history of the Jesuits? Has the Reformation kept up to the ideas of Luther, of Calvin, and of Zwingle? And may it not be said how degenerate is the Quakerism of the present day, compared with that of George Fox and the early Friends! In other directions, I imagine it is just the same,—with the modern Persians and Zoroaster,—with the Chinese and Confucius; and the various Mahometan and other sects, no doubt lament the decay of pristine virtue and purity all over the world.

It is for the same reasons that the decisions of Councils and Synods, Convocations and assemblies of all kinds, are beginning to lose their hold, and be much more lightly esteemed by all thinking and independent minds. It is seen that these, so far from being the result of collective wisdom, cannot, in the very nature of things, be more than the expression of a dominant party; or, in more active and stirring times of thought, a compromise of individual opinion, toned down so as to disarm opposition and reconcile a majority, and in which the most vital and progressive elements are left out. Thus also it is clearly apparent, how impossible it is to frame creeds and formularies that shall satisfy the truly conscientious and independent for any long period. Uniformity is not unity, nor conformity strength. Life and health, unity and strength, are attained and preserved throughout Nature, not by the accumulation of like, but by the free play and reciprocal action of opposite forces; not by the reduction of all variety to a common standard, but by giving scope to all possible variety; by the harmonious development, and dovetailing in, as it were, of individual differences,—the mutual complementing of powers and deficiencies,—the full and faithful working out of their adaptations and peculiarities by the several members of the one body. Amid the mass of inert matter that always accumulates round the established order of things,—like as the avalanche or the river, how pure soever in its sources, gathers up much that is extraneous as it grows larger and larger, and rolls onward in its course,—we invariably go back to the primary source, the first principles, the original author, in our search after truth. The living thought, the true word or action, that reacts upon the life and operates like leaven on the masses of society; that breaks up our prescriptions and conventionalities, and has aught of reviving and reforming power in the world, in the first place, necessarily, stands alone. It is born not in the lap of ease and luxury; it is not often the result of deep research, studied plan and patient elaboration, like the inductions of Science,—nor of sharp contention and hot pursuit, like objects of aggrandisement and ambition; but it drops unexpectedly into the reverent and attentive mind, in some favored moment, like an inspiration, we know not how or whence, or strikes upon the audient ear, like the echo of a lost language from another world, accompanied by an unutterable sense of joy, and a prophecy of suffering. It is nurtured not in the blaze of popularity and ostentation, but in the depths of solitude. It refuses to be crystallized or stereotyped into any pre-existing or known formula, and therefore it appears abnormal, and cannot be appreciated or understood at first. Such is the evidence of experience in the great passages and turning-points of our own individual lives,—they are all truly solitary.

"As darkness and death
Are the gateways of heaven,
So 'mid sorrow and pain
All insight is given.
The pillar of cloud
In Prosperity's light,
Is a pillar of fire
In Adversity's night.

Oft must we inly cry
'Lama Sabacthani!'
If we would crucify,
Overcome sense;
Oft must we inly know
Seasons of bitter woe,
Hear Spirit-voices low
Calling us hence.

We shrink from the pain,
But the pain brings the good;
'Tis the torturing fever
That cleanses the blood.
The chosen of God
Are the broken, despised;
The forsaken are those
Who live unchastised.

Oft must we inly cry
'Lama Sabacthani!'
If we would crucify,
Overcome sense;
Oft we must inly know
Seasons of bitter woe,
Hear Spirit-voices low
Calling us hence."

Katharine Barland.

How, then, are we to explain our present social aspects, and the tendencies of our modern civilization, which appear to be all on the side of doing things on a larger and larger scale; of the triumphant applications of machinery and centralization, and of the extension of the principles of the co-operative system? Let me here carefully distinguish between two very different things, liable to be classed under the same head, but nearly opposite in their foundation and tendencies, namely, co operation on the ground of mutual aid and sympathy, and combination for the sake of gaining more power into our own hands, or to act as a lever with more effect, and at a greater distance than belongs to our proper individual sphere. The former is healthful and beneficial in every respect, so long as it is kept within its legitimate boundaries; so long—to

use the words of a popular writer, in advocating it as one of the best means for bettering the condition of the laboring classes, and counteracting the great evils of the increasing disseverance between capital and labor—as "it takes from no man his individual character, but, on the contrary, adds to his personal responsibility, and makes him feel there can be no substantial improvement in condition, without a corresponding measure of sacrifice."* Mutual co-operation and sympathy, for the sake of *distributing* advantages, and of making small means in the hands of many go as far as large means in the hands of one, is the opposite of an accumulating and monopolizing tendency. It is the foundation of Library and Reading Rooms, of Social Reading Meetings, Book Societies, Mechanics' Institutes, and other Workingmen's Associations; and when kept free from all ulterior objects, there is but little danger of their mechanical arrangements going beyond the necessary and healthful point. Nor have these remarks at any time been intended to imply that order and system, and united efforts on a large scale, have not their just application in the promotion of our outward welfare and of material interests, —for the community is often benefited by these schemes far more than those who enter into them, though this was not their original intention in so doing,—but to show that they are subject to fixed conditions, and that magnitude is not a proportionate element of success; to indicate the limits of safety to those who *will* go upon the ice, and to mark up "dangerous" at the proper places.

Most of all, I have wished to show that these agencies, as such, can in no degree be depended upon in their application to the attainment of moral and spiritual results. Constituted as things are, or rather as we are constituted, the material world fills up our horizon, and its laws appear to be everywhere predominant. Organic life is a higher condition, set up in the midst of the world of matter, with laws of its own still more mysterious, and in direct antagonism to all we know of those of its lower and inert antecedent. Organic life has therefore the appearance of a constant struggle against inimical and destructive forces; and although the laws of organic life are indubitably of a higher order than the laws of matter, in this sublunary state, the latter maintain their constancy and apparent superiority; assert their ultimate supremacy, to which the former eventually succumb; reclaim their own, and death ensues. Look at the grain of mustard-seed cast into the earth; its early struggles in darkness; its whole history! Continuing the analogy into the moral and spiritual life,—a far higher condition superadded to the material and organic, and yet in this same sphere, in a great degree, it may appear, subordinated to both,—from the very few glimpses we can obtain of the real nature of the spiritual world, we have every reason to believe that *its* laws are the opposite, as far as we can conceive of them, of both the one and the other,—far higher in the scale of Infinite causation and intelligence; and that therefore the things thereunto belonging, though seemingly temporarily subjected to, cannot be brought within their dominion. The indivisibility of thought, its illimitation by time and space; the unity and indissolubility, the universality and unchangeableness of all we can conceive of verity as the soul and substance of form; the nature of knowledge, which can be imparted to another without diminishing the store; and of love and sympathy, with all their moral and spiritual kindred, which the more they overflow the more remains to the possessor; —attributes so essentially distinct from any circumstance of the highest scale of material good; —are a few of the illustrations that crowd upon the mind in this connexion.

(To be continued.)

*'Chambers' Social Science Tracts.'—Co-operation, p. 1.

For Friends' Intelligencer.

GLIMPSES OF SCIENCE.—NO. X.

BY YARDLEY TAYLOR.

The natural bridge in Rockbridge county, on the waters of James river, is widely known as a great natural curiosity; it spans a moderate sized mill-stream called Cedar creek. The two abutments rise very nearly perpendicular for nearly 200 feet, when they are united at the summit by a rock some 20 or 25 feet thick. This rock commences to rise like an arch on each side, but in the middle is rather flat for a regular arch; it is some 60 feet up and down stream. The opening under the bridge looks like a great chasm through a high hill, the surface of the hill is descending for some distance west of the bridge, and for some distance east of it, as the ground is there lower than at the bridge. The precipice of rock on the west side of Cedar creek continues of the same height as the bridge for some distance up and down stream before it droops off, while on the east side of the stream it soon begins to droop off, particularly down stream. The rock at the top is covered with a coat of earth, on which formerly grew trees and shrubs, but these are now nearly all gone. The American Arbor Vitæ here grew to a large tree. Previous to 1816 an attempt was made to manufacture shot here, as the height of the bridge saved the trouble of building a tower for that purpose. There was then a frame building on the bridge, with one end projecting over its edge, from which molten lead was dropped below. An iron kettle for melting stood outside. From the fact of the

valley of Cedar creek widening out considerably, both above and below the bridge, one might suppose that a strong current of air would pass under the bridge, whenever there was a motion in the atmosphere. To prevent the metal from being blown aside in its descent, so as not to fall in the reservoir of water below, a tube of linen was suspended, sustained by hoops at short distances apart, reaching from the top of the bridge to the bottom, within which to drop the metal. As might have been expected, this was more likely to be acted upon by the wind than the metal itself; and to obviate this, stay ropes were fastened at different places along the tube to keep it in place. The manufacture of shot was not successful, as it was nearly as easy to bring shot ready made, as it was to get the metal there. There was lead in south-western Virginia, but that was further off than tide-water.

There is another natural bridge in the south-west corner of the State, on the waters of Powel's river, and if my memory serves me right, there is a railroad line to pass under this bridge, designed to connect the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad with Kentucky, by crossing the Cumberland Mountain at Cumberland gap. This gap, in the Cumberland Mountain, was the great thoroughfare in the first settlement of Kentucky, as here all emigrants were obliged to pass, no other depression in this mountain giving equal facilities. There is a flat space on the summit with large rocks scattered over it, and tradition relates that the Indians way-laid the emigrants, and committed some bloody deeds on this spot. A high, rocky precipice to the west of the road gave a place of look-out, where they could see a long distance to the eastward.

There is one remarkable fact in the topogaphy of this range of mountains, extending south from the Hudson river to the upper branches of the Tennessee river. The greater number of the rivers and streams that rise in these mountains flow northward. This would seem to indicate, what, in reality, is the fact, that these mountains attain greater elevation above tide-water by going south. The Highlands, on the Hudson river, rise to about 1500 feet; while the Alleghany range in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, where the different railroad lines cross, rise to about 2,900 feet at the summit of those lines, while summits between are more than 3,000 feet above tide. But south of James river, the range attains much greater elevation. The Peaks of Otter in the Blue Ridge are 5,000 feet, or nearly a mile in height, and from the summit a grand scene presents itself. This summit is principally rock, and toward the east is a precipice so high and steep, that it requires strong nerves for an individual to stand on its brink and look down. The prospect from here is bounded on the west by the ranges of mountains west of the great limestone valley, but to the east the prospect extends as far as the eye can reach. Here towns, villages, rivers, mountains, farm-houses and forests, combine to make up a scene, the equal of which is rarely met with in this or any other country. Imagine a mountain peak rising about 4,000 feet above the valleys on either side, and on the east no ranges of more than one-fourth this height, to intercept the view, and some conception may be formed of the prospect from here. Even on the west the prospect would be considered grand, were it not that the one to the east is so much finer. To witness the rising of the sun here on a clear morning, is said to be exceedingly grand; and it is said that John Randolph, of Roanoake, declared here, that he considered it nearly impossible for a man to witness this scene, and not be convinced of the reality of a Divine being.

South of the head waters of James river, the dividing ridge of the Alleghanies inclines eastward, and unites with the Blue Ridge, beyond the sources of the Branch river. This united range gradually increases in height, until in North Carolina the height of 6,200 feet or upwards is attained, being some 200 feet higher than Mt. Washington, in New Hampshire, formerly considered the highest mountain east of the Mississippi river, within the limits of the United States. These mountains then gradually droop off in northern Georgia and Alabama. The upper branches of the Kenhawa here, called New river, take their rise among these mountains in North Carolina, and flow north and north-west, entirely across the State of Virginia, and fall into the Ohio at Point Pleasant. The Monongahela flows in nearly the same direction to Pittsburg. The upper branches of James river are an exception to this general rule, while probably five-sixths of the water flowing into the Potomac comes in on the west side of that river. The Juniata, and the west branch of the Susquehanna, with other small streams, furnish much more water than enters that river from the east. The Delaware and the Hudson, both present the same general features.

CATTARAUGUS INDIANS.

Versailles P. O., Cattaraugus, April 30th, 1861.

To G. T. T.

Esteemed Friend,—For some time past I have felt a desire to write you on a subject which lies near my heart, and in which I have reason to believe you too are deeply interested. It is the future prospects of our Indian Orphan Asylum. The Friends have always been ready to aid in every benevolent effort for the well being of these Indians, and in the darkest period of their history have never failed to show themselves their friends indeed. I therefore take a pleasure in presenting the wants of this Institution for their

kind consideration. It is a long time since we have received a visit from any of your denomination, and it has occurred to me that it might be pleasant to the females of your meeting to appoint a delegation from their number to visit our Reservation, and specially the Orphan Asylum, during the coming summer. I feel quite certain that such a visit would be productive of good. It would revive kindly recollections of past favors on the part of the Indians, and it would give your ladies an opportunity to become acquainted with the Indians, and to witness the improvement in their condition, which I think would gratify them, and also it would afford an opportunity to become better acquainted with the Institution, which I feel specially anxious they should see and be interested in. The destracted condition of our unhappy country makes it improbable that we shall receive much assistance from private benevolence or from the General Government, and we know not where to look for the means to feed and clothe the fifty children now under care, much less have we the ability to receive and provide for others who are in as great need as any yet received.

If you think this call would meet with a favorable response from the ladies of your society, I will feel much obliged to you if you will present the subject to them for their consideration.

My husband is now at the West, probably in Wisconsin, where he has gone to solicit grain for the support of our Orphan children.

Hoping you will excuse the liberty I have taken in troubling you with these matters, I must beg leave to subscribe myself,

Your grateful and obliged friend,

L. M. W.

FRIENDS' INTELLIGENCER.

PHILADELPHIA, SIXTH MO. 29, 1861.

Several New York Friends have requested the publication of a letter, received by a friend in that city, on the subject of the Indians at Cattaraugus. If any friend of the Indians desires to contribute money to aid the Asylum, it may be sent direct to Asher M. Wright, Versailles P. O. Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., or to George T. Trimble, New York city.

DIED, On the 18th of the 6th mo., 1861, SARAH T. wife of Edward T. Bellah, of Wilmington, Delaware.

During many months of extreme suffering from a painful disease, the prayer of her soul was for submission to the Divine will, and an assurance of acceptance when she should be called hence. Those who witnessed her departure cannot but have faith that this abiding prayer was answered; and that she now inhabits one of those mansions in the Father's house which our Holy Redeemer said he went to prepare for his disciples, even those who through much tribulation have passed from death unto life.

DIED, On the 18th inst., after four days illness, ALEXANDER SHAW, in the 40th year of his age, a member of Philadelphia Monthly Meeting. Although his illness was short, yet having endeavored to act up to that which was shown to him to be right, he was enabled to remark, when approaching his close, that, on account of his wife and little ones, he desired to be restored, but death had no terrors for him.

——, At his residence in Gwynedd, Montgomery Co., on the 23d of 5th mo., after a few days illness, CADWALADER R. EVANS, in the 39th year of his age.

By the removal of this dear Friend, Society has lost a worthy member; an aged mother, a dutiful son; a wife, an affectionate husband; and little children, a tender father. Possessing a noble heart, and a benevolent disposition, he won the esteem of all who knew him. Called away before he had reached the meridian of life, with, as it were, but a moment's warning, how forcibly does it remind us of the necessity of keeping "our loins girt about," and "our lights burning," for we know not the day nor the hour in which we shall be called hence to be seen of men no more.

——, On 3d day, 11th inst., at the residence of his parents, near Richmond, Wayne County, Indiana, HENRY HOMER, youngest son of James M. and Mary R. Hibberd, in the 13th year of his age.

This dear boy was of a gentle disposition and bright intellect, and although he much dreaded the terrors of death, yet when the summons came it had no sting for him; on the contrary all was happiness; and on hearing the exclamation from a loved one by his bedside, "Lord! bless him," he answered, "He has blessed me, and will bless you all too."

THE MOTIONS OF THE FIXED STARS.

That grandest of all problems that have ever engaged the attention of the human mind—the structure and motions of our stellar system—is moving steadily forward to its solution. The early observers of the heavens saw the sky rolling constantly around the earth from east to west, as if it was a great hollow globe hung upon a pivot at the north star, and upon another pivot at the south pole. The fixed stars seemed like silver nail heads driven firmly into the rolling shell, and carried with it in its daily revolution around the earth, but preserving the same position in relation to each other from year to year, and century to century. This opinion in regard to the immovable position of the fixed stars continued to prevail down to the last century, when the large and bold intellect of Sir William Herschel, as the inscription on his monument says, "broke through the inclosures of Heaven" (*cælorum perrupit claustra*), and went forth to the study of the universe of stars. The observations of Herschel prove that the stars which are visible to our eyes, including the innumerable multitudes whose blended light makes up the "milky way," form a cluster or system by

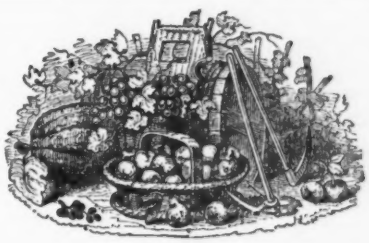
themselves, which is separated by inconceivable distances from other clusters that are to be seen as faint nebulæ in the depths of space. Since Herschel's observations were made, the study of our stellar system has occupied a large share of the attention of astronomers. The most important contribution to our knowledge of the subject has been made by the herculean labors of M. Maedler, superintendent of the Observatory of Dorpat, in Russia.

The most prominent questions which presented themselves to astronomers, in regard to our stellar system, were: What are its form and dimensions? Is there a great central body about which the others are revolving, as the planets revolve about our sun? Is our solar system moving the other stars? and if so, in what direction and with what velocity? Some of these questions have been pretty satisfactorily answered, while suggestions of greater or less probability are offered in relation to the others.

There can be no doubt that our solar system is moving through space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, the precise point being not far from 262° right ascension, and 40° north declination. Nearly all astronomers acquiesce also in Maedler's conclusion that there is no large central body which controls the movements of the other stars by its preponderating mass. Maedler is, however, satisfied that all the bodies of our stellar sy-tem are revolving about a common center of gravity, and to the determining of the position of this center he has devoted a great deal of labor and study.

Among all the constellations in the sky, there is no other which has, in all ages, attracted so much human interest as the little cluster of the Pleiades. One of the finest passages in Scripture is the question to Job: "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" And, for many centuries, a succession of poetic feeling has gathered around "The long lost sister of the seven stars." But a fresh interest has now been given to this storied group, for the computations of Maedler lead to the conclusion that Alcyone, the brightest star of the cluster, occupies the very center around which the hosts of heaven roll their majestic courses.

The distance of our sun from the center of gravity of this stellar system, as well as the velocity of its motion, is yet undetermined, though some of Maedler's observations indicate that the distance is such that it would take light 640 years to pass through the space, that the sun's velocity in his orbit is about 1,000 miles per minute, and that it will take him about 20,000,000 of years to make one revolution. The latest conclusion in regard to the size of our stellar system, is that a ray of light, moving at the rate of 192,000 miles per second, would require about 4,000 years to pass through its diameter.



MOSSES.

No spot is too desolate, none too sterile, for mosses to inhabit and enliven. From Spitzbergen to the islands on the Antartic Ocean, along the sides of lofty mountains, in the most exposed situations, couching on wild heaths, overspreading old walls, nestling in hedges, clinging to the bark of trees, loving much and equally frost and snow, wind and tempest, needing nothing but moisture for their sustenance—everywhere they may be seen, adding fresh beauty to even the loveliest spots, making gay the solitary places of the earth, and causing the arid desert to rejoice and be glad. Not only are they the first plants which, as by a miracle, make their appearance in a newly-formed soil, but, with fond tenacity they cling to the spot where they have once taken root, long after all other plants have deserted it, and, tender in their nature, delicate in structure though they be, show wonderful power in resisting influences which are generally fatal to the vegetable creation. In this respect, close akin to the lichens, they may appear to be destroyed by drought; but no sooner does the generous rain descend upon them, than suddenly they are invested with new life, and their leaflets reappear as fresh, as luxuriant as ever.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

OUR RURAL MONTHLIES.

We find in the horticultural department of the *Farmer and Gardener*, for June, under the editorial charge of William Saunders, the following paragraphs upon the interesting seasonable subjects of which they treat. The advice given is sound and valuable, practical and understandable.

Greenhouse.—A few years ago it was a prevalent custom to turn all the plants out of the greenhouse about this time, and make a lumber room of the house the balance of the summer. Now there are so many fine summer flowering plants, that require a moist, shady atmosphere, such as can readily be obtained in all green houses, that there is no excuse for keeping a greenhouse or conservatory destitute of flowers, if their presence is desirable. Foremost among summer flowering greenhouse plants may be placed the Archimenes, then Gloxinias, Begonias, Ferenias, Gesneras, &c. Fuchsias are also in perfection in such an atmosphere, and some of

the finest varieties of Scarlet Geraniums are well worthy of a place in a greenhouse collection. The main details of practical routine are, to water early in the morning, damp over the paths, and shade either by canvas coverings over the glass, or by the application of some coloring substance on the glass; the former method is best, although with attention to watering, either mode will be satisfactory.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.

In the *Irish Gardener's Magazine* it is stated not only that a decoction of the leaves of the camomile will destroy insects, but that nothing contributes so much to the health of a garden as a number of the plants dispersed through it. No green house or hot house should be without it in a green or dried state; either the stalks or flowers will answer. It is a singular fact that if a plant is drooping, and apparently dying, in nine cases out of ten it will recover if you place a plant of camomile near it.

From the British Quarterly Review.

ICELAND: ITS VOLCANOES, GEYSERS AND GLACIERS.

(Continued from page 239.)

So much for the Great Geyser. About one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty yards to the south you will meet with, and might very possibly walk into, another of the principal fountains. This is the famous Strokr, or Churn, as that native name implies. Unlike the former, it has neither mound nor basin, and might easily be mistaken for an ordinary well, were it not for the furious bubbling of the water in its shaft. This shaft is about six feet in diameter, according to Forbes, with a depth of about forty-eight feet; but it is very irregular in its bore, and contracts considerably: it is also bent in its course, and therefore, as Mr. Miles suggests, resembles the Irishman's gun, which had the faculty of "shooting round a corner." The ejections of the Churn are more numerous than those of the Rager, occurring at least once or twice a day, and though its jets are less voluminous, they last for a longer period, and radiate in a still more tasteful manner.

Now Strokr possesses one interesting property. He can be made to discharge almost at pleasure; and not only so, but you may force him to extra activity, and extort an eruption of a much fiercer character than is his natural practice. The way to accomplish this is very simple. Collect a quantity of stones or sods, and shovel them into the pipe of the Geyser. Down they go, splashing into the fluid, which instantly ceases to boil, as if Strokr were astonished at your impudence. And well he may, for stones and sods are things he abominates to such a degree that, collecting all his strength, he soon vomits them forth, and hurries them aloft in a pillar of water, which sometimes appears to reach to twice the ordinary elevation. Henderson, who stumbled upon this discovery, states that some of the jets rose to a height of two hundred feet, and that fragments of stone were propelled to a still greater altitude, the column of water being succeeded by a column of steam, which lasted for nearly an hour. This experimentalist narrowly escaped punishment for his temerity; for, whilst examining the pipe, the insulted Spouter, boiling with rage, shot up into the air a hissing torrent, which swept within an inch or two of his tormentor's face. Need we be surprised if prankish visitors can hardly resist the temptation to tease the Geyser? Spite of the grandeur of the spectacle, you feel a strong propensity to laugh at the idea of rousing Strokr, and throwing him into a profound passion. Mr. Miles literally "made game" of the spring, and when the exasperated phenomenon sought to relieve himself, was quite delighted to see his waters—stained and blackened with the clods—rising wrathfully to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Commander Forbes subjected poor Strokr to a still greater indignity, for he compelled the Geyser to cook his dinner. Having invited the neighboring curé and farmer to a meal, he packed up a piece of mutton in the body of a flannel shirt, and a ptarmigan in each sleeve, and then flung the garment into the Churn, which was previously primed with a quantity of turf. For some time Strokr took the transaction in such high dudgeon that he refused to eject; but finding that preparations were making for another dose of sods, he launched his waters into the air with unwonted fury, and the traveller soon beheld his shirt flying upwards, "with the arms extended like a head and tailless trunk." On its descent to the ground it proved to be in such a scalding state that it was necessary to wait a quarter of an hour before dinner could be served, and then it appeared that though the mutton was done to a nicety, the birds were torn to shreds. The Churn, in fact, was a sort of Papin's digester, where the very twigs of turf received such a soaking of caloric that they came out in a sodden condition. A drunken man once fell into the spring—so the legend runs—and after seething for a short time, was thrown up in a spray of human fragments.

Still further to the south—about one hundred and six yards from the Strokr—you arrive at the Little Geyser. It has a shallow basin like its big brother, but its pipe, thirty-eight feet in depth, is any thing but uniform in its shape. In the days of Mackenzie this fountain was not accustomed to cast up its contents to a greater altitude than four or five feet, but it made amends for its poverty of flight by spouting for an hour without intermission. When visited by Henderson the little fellow had raised his leaps to ten

or twenty feet, and went through his gymnastics about twelve times in the course of a day. Mr. Miles (in 1852) found that he had shortened the intervals between his performances, and was then in the habit of exhibiting every half hour, though the spectacle was limited to five minutes at a time, and the column did not exceed eight or ten feet in height.

These are the principal springs at Haukadal, but the ground is pierced in all directions, and puffs of steam, jets of water, and pools of seething fluid tell the visitor that he is standing on a great caldron, the crust of which might be torn to fragments in a moment, were the riotous vapors denied the means of escape. He feels that hundreds of safety-valves are at work around him, and naturally wonders whether Iceland would not burst like a boiler if these should happen to be clogged or destroyed.

The larger fountains generally give notice of their intention to play. This is only reasonable, for otherwise a curious traveller, venturing too near the basin, might be drenched with scalding water by a sudden eruption; or, worse still, whilst peering down the tube, might receive the jet in his face, and recoil parboiled at a blow. The New Geyser, however, declines to give any intimation of his movements, and therefore, as Sir George Mackenzie remarks, it is necessary to deal cautiously with him, unless assured from a recent outbreak that his hour is not yet come. The notice served upon the public, in cases where due warning is given, consists of a series of detonations, which break on the ear like the report of distant artillery. The Head Geyser makes the ground quiver under your feet, as if an infant earthquake were gambolling below. Gun after gun is thus fired at varying intervals, as much as to say that a grand performance is just about to commence, and then the water begins to bubble in the pipe or to heave in the basin. Very frequently, however, the visitor, who rushes up, panting and agitated, on hearing the subterranean signals, is doomed to disappointment, for, after rising a few feet in a column, the liquid retires into the well, and leaves the spectator to ascertain (if the point is not already settled) whether patience is one of the virtues he really enjoys.

In the other respects, too, as well as in the hours of display, these thermal fountains are somewhat capricious in their proceedings. The quantity of water ejected, the height to which it is propelled, the mode of evacuation adopted, differ according to circumstances which cannot be accurately explained. The Geysers, in fact, are rather whimmy phenomena. Gradual changes must necessarily ensue from the violent wear and tear to which they are exposed, as well as from the deposit of siliceous matter, and since earthquakes are incidents of common occurrence in Iceland, it is natural to suppose that their underground mechanism will frequently be disordered. Prior to 1789, there existed a lively rattling fountain, known as the Roaring Geyser, which flung out its contents every four or five minutes with unspeakable fury; but several shocks being experienced in that year, the Roarer was disabled, and in course of time subsided into a mild, tranquil pool, from which no noisy jet ever presumes to ascend. Sometimes, too, a concussion will open out new vents, as was the case in 1785, when thirty-five fresh springs were established at Haukadal, and the three leading performers began to play with augmented energy.

But how shall we account for the action of these intermittent fountains? Formerly it was supposed that steam was produced in certain subterranean cavities, and that it accumulated there until it became sufficiently powerful to expel all the liquid in the tube, and in the reservoir with which it was connected. But this theory, which might have suited a Geyser of regular habits, and with a certain amount of suavity in its manners, would not account for the spasmodic proceedings so frequently observed in the tribe. The underground boilers were therefore abandoned. Professor Bunsen in Germany, and Tyndall in England, have advocated a more probable solution. Under ordinary circumstances, water flies off in steam at 212° F., because its elastic force is then sufficient to overcome the weight of the atmosphere. But let the pressure upon it be increased, and its passage into the gaseous state is proportionately resisted—in fact, if a quantity of liquid were enclosed in a vessel of adequate strength, it might be heated, under compulsion of its own steam, until it became red-hot. The moment, however, that the fluid is freed from this pressure, it will burst into vapor, and as steam occupies seventeen hundred times the space required by water, it will explode with a degree of violence exactly corresponding to the unnatural constraint it has endured—the same law prevailing in mechanics or pneumatics which obtains in morals and and politics. Now, remembering that a Geyser is furnished with a long shaft which gradually fills with water, and that the pressure on the fluid at the bottom of this tube must therefore become very considerable, we have only to suppose that a large amount of heat is brought to bear upon the lower portion of the pipe, when the following consequences may be expected to ensue. A quantity of liquid will receive a much higher charge of caloric than it ought to carry. Some of this liquid, rising in the shaft, must flash into steam when it reaches a point where the pressure is sufficiently relaxed, and hence the excitement in the basin, and the abortive eruptions which so frequently tantalize the traveller. But when, in consequence of the increase of the temperature—the tube being now

full—the fluid below can no longer restrain its gaseous propensities, it explodes violently, and drives the superincumbent water before it with resistless impetuousity. And as the declining pressure releases more liquid from its bondage, jet after jet is produced until the apparatus is emptied for the time, or until the falling floods are so cooled in their rush through the air that they check the further development of vapor for the time. The Geyser, in fact, is a species of steam-cannon, which fires round after round of liquid missiles, just as Mr. Perkins' steam-gun did leaden pellets. "Der Geyser [says Cotta] gleicht dann also einer grossen Dampf-Kanone welche statt mit Kugeln met Wassers schiesst." Professor Müller, of Freiburg, contrived a little instrument which may serve as an artificial "Rager." Procure a metallic tube at least six feet in height, and surround it at the foot, and again at some little distance up the shaft, with wire cages capable of holding burning charcoal. The lowest cage should be the largest. Then fill the tube with water, light your fires, and in due time you will have a pretty little eruption from your miniature "Gusher." A basin attached to the top of the instrument to receive the liquid and return it to the pipe, will ensure a succession of discharges, and save you the trouble of a voyage to Iceland. So a cork lightly fastened into the mouth of the tube, and afterwards blown out by the steam, will qualify you to talk of Strokr as if you had dosed him with sods and stones in person.

(To be continued.)

A BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

BY DR. HOLMES.

Lord of all Being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

Sun of our life, thy wakening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the lone watcher of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

HOPE FOR THE BEST.

Hope for the best, there is energy in it;
Courage will stand rough adversity's test.
Strive, strive for the palm, and you're certain to win it;
You *may* be tried now, but it's "all for the best."

Rough rain-clouds are gathering greater and greater,
Obscuring the heavens so recently fair;
There's a rainbow behind to come sooner or later,
And the watchword of wisdom is "Never despair."

Try again, try again, there is always a turning;
The lane may be long, but the end you must find.
Look firmly *before* you, all obstacles spurning,
For a fixed resolution will *not* look *behind*.

Fail at first. Never mind! Others did so before you.
Courage and prudence were never in vain;
The reward of your toil *must* be hovering o'er you.
Have patience and faith; try again, try again.

Hope for the best! It can *not* be forever;
The hardest of trials must all have an end.
Energy knows not the meaning of *never;*
Things may come to the worst, but they're certain to mend.

Hope for the best, there is fortitude in it;
Patience will triumph o'er poverty's test.
Strive, strive for the palm, and you're certain to win it,
And if you are tried now, why, it's "all for the best."

—*Welcome Guest.*

From The Scientific American.

ROMANCE OF THE STEAM ENGINE.

When we reflect that the railway system is of such recent growth; that since 1830, 10,000 miles have been built in England, 34,000 in America, and 15,000 in other countries, we may well regard such achievements as surpassing those put forth by all the writers of romance. Whatever credit may be justly due to various inventors of the steam engine, we believe that to George Stephenson we are more indebted than to any other man for the developement and great progress of railways. In our last article we gave a sketch of his life; we will now give some account of the difficulties which he had to surmount to insure success.

It was a successful working of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway that really laid the foundation of the railway system. This road met with the most formidable opposition when a bill was brought into Parliament to obtain a charter for its construction. On its third reading in the House of Commons, Sir Edward Stanley moved to defer its reading for six months, in order to defeat the bill, as a part of the line ran through his estate. In the course of his speech in favor of the motion, Sir Edward Stanley asserted that the trains could only be worked by horses, and it would take ten hours to make a journey of of thirty miles. Sir Isaac Coffin seconded the motion and denounced the railroad as a most flagrant imposition. He would not consent to see widows' premises invaded by it; "and how," he asked, in quite a senatorial manner, "would any person like to have a railroad under his parlor window? What was to be done with all those who had advanced money to make or repair turnpike roads, and what is to become of those

who may wish to travel in their own carriages after the fashion of their forefathers? What was to become of coachmen and harness makers, horse breeders and dealers, if railroads were to be allowed? Was the House of Commons aware of the smoke and noise, and the hiss and the whirl which locomotive engines might make passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles per hour? Neither the cattle plowing in the fields, nor grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay. Railroads would raise the price of iron one hundred per cent, or probably would exhaust the iron altogether. This railroad would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom that the ingenuity of man could invent."

It is really amusing as well as instructive to revive a recollection of the enlightened wisdom which belonged to such members of Parliament as old Sir Isaac Coffin. The bill, however, passed the House by a two-thirds vote, and it was carried almost unanimously in the House of Lords; in fact its only opponents in this, the great aristocratic branch of the Parliament, were the old Earl of Derby and his relative, the Earl of Wilton. This speaks volumes for the superior intelligence of the British Peers.

When George Stephenson was examined by a committee of the House of Commons, as to the practicability of constructing and working this railroad, several members thought he was crazy. When asked by one at what speed an engine could draw a carriage upon a railroad, he replied "ten or twelve miles at the very lowest." This was followed by a sort of chuckling laugh on the part of the wise legislators who really believed that the great but humble genius whom they were then examining was more fit for Bedlam than building railroads.

At this time George Stephenson was the most practical railroad engineer in the world. What little had been done in constructing such roads was perfectly known to him; he was therefore chosen engineer to build the line which had to be carried through Chat Moss, a deep and extensive quagmire. To accomplish this was thought, by men of science in those days, to be an impossibility; but the genius of Stephenson was fit for the occasion. He laid and built this railroad, and made the locomotive *Rocket*, which took the prize and gave positive and permanent success to the railway system.

The public opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway took place on the 15th of September, 1830, and it was considered a great national event. The Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and many other distinguished persons were present, and the engine that carried them sped along at the rate of 17 miles an hour, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who had never seen anything run faster than stage coaches. Seven locomotives had been built for the opening—all upon the basis of the *Rocket*—with multitubular boilers and the blast in the chimney. On this occasion a melancholy accident took place; Mr. Huskisson, M. P., the great patron of the railroad and the person who had pushed the bill for its charter through Parliament, was killed by being run over by the *Rocket* engine, while standing for a few moments on the track. His body was placed upon the locomotive, which dashed off with it to Eccles, distant fifteen miles, when it went at the astonishing speed of 36 miles per hour. This velocity surprised Stephenson himself; it was a new and unlooked-for phenomenon, and probably to this we may also attribute the more rapid spread of railways. It was anticipated that the speed of the engine on this railroad would be ten miles an hour, and that its business would be heavy traffic, such as coal, cotton and timber. The managers did not intend to rely on passenger traffic, as the stages used to go at the rate of ten miles per hour on the turnpike. But the great speed of the *Rocket* opened all eyes to a new system of passenger travel, and during the first eighteen months after its opening, 700,000 passengers were carried on it without a single accident. The stage required four hours to go over the same distance: the locomotive only occupied one hour and a half. This was an important difference, and since then railways have become the only agencies of public inland passenger travel in all civilized countries. What a mighty revolution has been effected by railways!

GROOMING A HORSE.

"What do you give your horses to keep them in such fine condition?" asked a young farmer of his neighbor, whose team of bays were the pride of their owner, and the admiration of the village. "Oats, carrots, and plenty of *brush*," was the reply. There is little need of insisting on the necessity of good food, and plenty of it, to have a horse remain vigorous. Every one knows that bone and sinew and muscle are manufactured from hay, oats, corn, &c., and that the raw material must be supplied to produce the strong limb, elastic step, and noble spirit, which makes a fine horse the universal favorite he is. But the important part which the skin bears in the animal economy, and the necessity of properly cleansing and keeping it in healthy condition, are not fully appreciated. Rough staring coats, "grease" or "scratches," inflammations, and a whole catalogue of diseases, find their origin in neglect of proper grooming.

The skin of the horse, like that of other animals, not only affords protection to the parts within, but by the pores affords an outlet to a large part of the waste of the body. In out-door life, the natural state of the horse, this mem-

brane becomes thickened and tough, capable of resisting changes of temperature; and by continual exercise, the pores are kept open, giving free exit to all the exhalations. But this alone will not give the smooth glossy coat which adds so greatly to the animal's beauty. Confining the horse to the stable, as is generally done for at least part of the year, renders his skin tender, especially when he is kept warmly blanketed. Expose him now to great change of temperature; take him out and drive him until heated, return him to the stable, and let him stand uncared for over night, even for an hour, the sensitive skin is rapidly chilled by the evaporation of the sweat, the pores are suddenly closed, and often a cold, a rheumatic stiffness, or other disorder, results. Proper grooming prevents this, by toughening the skin, keeping it in healthy action, equalizing the circulation, removing obstructions from the pores, and what is of great importance, by rousing the action of the muscles at the surface, in some measure, compensates for the want of exercise, consequent upon stable life.

Currying and brushing should not be done in the stable; the dust and scruf will be scattered in the manger to mix with the horse feed, beside keeping the stable uncleanly. Take the animal into the open air, tie him securely, and handle him so gently that he will enjoy, rather than dread, the application of the comb and brush. A sharp curry-comb, roughly scraped over the tender skin, is anything but pleasant, as the shrinking and resisting animal will soon show. Apply this instrument lightly, and depend mainly on the free use of the brush. Begin at the head, and pass the comb lightly up and down, until the dandruff is all loosened, and remove it with the brush. Be particular around the edges of the foretop, and the mane. It is a good plan to sponge off the head and ears, using but little water, smoothing the hair down to its natural position. In going over the back, quarters, loins, &c., use the comb in one hand and the brush in the other, working lightly and quickly. Take much pains where the skin lies in folds, as at the union of the legs with the body—let every part be made thoroughly free from dust and dandruff. Finish by rubbing down vigorously with wisps of straw, until the hair "shines like a bottle"—an extra smoothing touch may be put on with a woolen cloth. Do not fear all this trouble; it will be more than repaid in the extra looks and spirit of the horse.—*American Agriculturist.*

ROSES FOR THE MILLION.

I think I have hit on a way to strike roses so as to place them within the reach of every one. Those who can obtain cuttings now can have a blaze of bloom next summer, and none can fail, provided they observe the following instructions: As soon as the cuttings are prepared, place them in layers in boxes or pans, and bury them with moist sand; place them so as to get a bottom heat of about seventy degrees, no matter whether on pipes, flues, or dung. The only thing to guard against on a flue is getting the sand too dry, so as to shrivel them, for the secret of striking cuttings in this way is to prevent loss of sap by evaporation. Mine are placed on top of an underground flue in a bin with seakle, and covered with a light soil to prevent the sand drying. After being so placed for a week I examined them, and to my surprise and delight found them all callused. I believe that many hard-wooded things that are now considered difficult to propagate, may be struck in the same way. I am now trying experiments with other things, on which I hope to report hereafter. —*J. Sheppard, in The London Gardener's Chronicle.*

THE TERRIBLE HAVOC OF WAR.

It is difficult to conceive what fearful havoc the custom of war has made of human life. Some of its incidental ravages seem to defy belief. It has at times entirely depopulated immense districts. In modern as well as ancient times, large tracts have been left so utterly desolate that one might pass from village to village, even from city to city, without finding a solitary inhabitant. The war of 1756, waged in the heart of Europe, left in one instance no less than twenty contiguous villages without a single man or beast. The thirty years' war, in the seventeenth century, reduced the population of Germany from 12,000,000 to 3,000,000—three-fourths; and that of Wirtemburg from 500,000 to 48,000—more than nine-tenths! Thirty thousand villages were destroyed; in many others the population entirely died out; and in districts once studded with towns and cities there sprang up immense forests.

Look at the havoc of sieges—in that of Londonderry, 12,000 soldiers, besides a vast number of inhabitants; in that of Paris, in the sixteenth century, 30,000 victims of mere hunger; in that of Malplaquet, 34,000 soldiers alone; in that of Ismail, 40,000; of Vienna, 70,000; of Ostend, 120,000; of Mexico, 150,000; of Acre, 300,000; of Carthage, 700,000; of Jerusalem, 1,000,000!

Mark the slaughter of single battles—at Lepanto, 25,000; at Austerlitz, 30,000; at Eylau, 60,000; at Waterloo and Quatre Bras, one engagement in fact, 100,000; at Boradino, 80,000; at Fontenoy, 100,000; at Arbela, 300,000; at Chalons, 300,000 of Attilas' army alone; 400,000 Usipetes slain by Julius Cæsar in one battle, and 430,000 Germans in another.

Take only two cases. The army of Xerxes, says Dr. Dick, must have amounted to 5,283,320; and if the attendants were only one-third as great as is common at the present time in Eastern

countries, the sum total must have reached nearly 6,000,000. Yet in one year this vast multitude was reduced, though not entirely by death, to 300,000 fighting men; and of these only 8,000 escaped destruction. Jenghiz Kahn, the terrible ravager of Asia in the thirteenth century, shot 90,000 on the plains of Nessa, and massacred 200,000 at the storming of Charaism. In the Herat district he butchered 1,600,000, and in two cities, with the dependencies, 1,700,000. During the last twenty-seven years of his long reign he is said to have massacred more than half a million every year; and in the first fourteen years he is supposed by Chinese historians to have destroyed not less than 18,000,000 —a sum total of 32,000,000 in forty-one years!

In any view, what a fell destroyed is war! Napoleon's wars sacrificed some 6,000,000, and all the wars consequent on the French Revolution, some nine or ten millions. The Spaniards are said to have destroyed, in forty-two years, more than 12,000,000 of American Indians. Grecian wars sacrificed 15,000,000; Jewish wars, 25,000,000; the wars of the twelve Cæsars, 30,000,000; in all the wars of the Romans before Julius Cæsar, 60,000,000; the wars of the Roman Empire, of the Saracens and the Turks, 60,000,000 each; those of the Tartars, 80,000,000; those of Africa, 100,000,000! "If we take into consideration," says the learned Dr. Dick, "the number not only of those who have fallen in battle, but of those who have perished through the natural consequences of war, it will not perhaps be overrating the destruction of human life, if we were to affirm that one-tenth of the human race has been destroyed by the ravages of war, and, according to this estimate, more than 14,000,000,000 of human beings have been slaughtered in war since the beginning of the world." Edmund Burke went still further, and reckoned the sum-total of its ravages, from the first, at no less than 35,000,000,000.—*Exchange Paper.*

CALICO PRINTING.

No description of machinery at the present day is more ingenious or interesting than that for calico printing. As it leaves the powerloom, calico is a fabric without any pattern, and a dull, light buff color. In this State its uses are, of course, very limited. It is unfit for outer apparel, or for furniture, or in fact for any purpose for which an ornamental tissue is required. It has also a hairy or downy tissue, and thus presents a coarse and unfinished appearance. The hairy filaments require to be removed, and the fabric must be made of a snowy-white before it is likely to become of use to any extent. The downy filaments are removed in the same manner as those of lace, either by rapidly drawing the material over a sheet of copper at a bright red heat, or by passing it through gas flames; and the bleaching is accomplished by the rapid agency of chemical force. The calico is boiled, washed, soaked in a solution of chloride of lime, then in weak acid, and so alternately, until at length all its impurities are removed, and it becomes as white as could be desired. Thus in a few hours, by the combined assistance of a chemical science and a few simple mechanical expedients, the process of bleaching is effected, which formerly occupied days and even weeks, and was then often imperfectly employed or performed. After this the bleached calico is ready for the reception of its ornament, and this was formerly impressed upon its surface by means of engraved blocks, charged with color; but a more rapid process is now employed. The patterns on printed calicoes and similar figured cloths consist, as is apparent on the slightest examination, of a continual repetition of the same figure. This figure, whatever it be, so far as it consists of a single color is engraved upon a copper roller, the length of which corresponds with the breadth of the calico, and the circumference of which corresponds with the length of the pattern. In general in such cases, the breadth of the pattern being much less than that of the cloth, it is repeated many times in the width. This pattern is, therefore, engraved upon the surface of the roller, the length extending completely around it, and being repeated throughout the length of the roller in the same manner as it is intended to appear on the cloth. This roller receives the coloring matter by a certain apparatus which first smears and then wipes it, so as to remove all dye except what fills the incisions of the engraving. The cloth is then pressed between this roller and another which has a soft surface, the two being pressed severely together in their line of contact. By this process the color deposited in the lines of the engraved roller is transferred to the cloth, and the printing is completed.—*Del. Co. Republican.*

ITEMS.

The Manuscript Missal of the XVth century, belonging to the Abbey of St. Lo at Rouen, was sold in Paris at the public sale-rooms in the Rue Drouet. It was put up at 1,500f., and the biddings went very slowly to 10,000f., but at that moment the competition became more animated, and the hammer ultimately fell at the sum of 24,850f.

Manhattan Island.—The island of Manhattan, on which New York now stands, was bought of the Indians by Peter Minuits, the First Dutch Governor, in 1626, for twenty-four dollars.

The British Museum.—The estimate of the sum required to defray the salaries and expenses of the British Museum, including the amount required for buildings, furniture, fittings, etc., for the year ending 31st March, 1862, is £100,414. The total number of persons admitted to view the general collections, exclusive of readers, was 517,895 in 1859, and 536,939 in 1860. The visitors to the reading-room have increased from

53,567 in 1855 to 127,763 in 1860. Last year there were 5,339 more readers than in 1859. The average last year was 437 readers per day; each reader consulting, on an average, nine volumes per day. The number of volumes added to the library last year amounts to 10,949, including music, maps and newspapers. The total number of additions made to the departments of zoology, geology and mineralogy, during the past year, is above 45,250.

UNITED STATES MINT.—The business of the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, in May, was as follows:—

	No. of pieces.	Amount.
Gold coinage	385,857	$5,104,415
Silver coinage	1,697,000	269,210
Copper coinage	1,100,000	11,000
Total	3,182,867	$5,384,625
Total coinage executed during the months of January, February, March, April and May, 1861		$31,123,206

—*Scientific American.*

SEEDS TO THE BUSHEL.—H. Briggs, of Fair Haven, Vt., says that he has calculated the number of seeds of grass seed, clover seed, wheat and rye to the bushel, and found them as follows: Timothy, 41,823,360; clover, 17,400,960; wheat, plump, 556,288; rye, 898,880.

HONEY OF SILESIA.—In the province of Silesia, 260,000 colonies of bees are kept, representing a a capital of more than one million of dollars. These, even in the most unfavorable years, yield a profit of ten per cent.; and in propitious seasons, such as the year 1846 was, the yield was fully 100 per cent., or more than $1,000,000. It is well ascertained that the whortleberry and buckwheat blossoms are much richer in saccharine juices on the poor soil of Silesia than in more fertile districts.

A SWEDISH POLAR EXPEDITION, consisting of two vessels, was expected to sail from Tromsoe about the 1st of 5th month. The explorers are provided with all the articles required for the voyage; they take forty dogs, English Ice-boats, approved styles of dog-sledges, provisions, &c. Lieutenant Lillichook, of the Swedish Navy, commands the vessels; Mr. Torell is chief of the expedition, and the veteran Arctic explorer, Peterson, is entrusted with charge of the dogs. The scientific departments are in the hands of men of rare qualifications, and great interest is manifested in the success of the enterprise.

The "Maid of the Mist," the little steamboat which used to carry passengers into the roaring foam of Niagara, has, after a perilous voyage, been moored at Queenstown, and is, in future, to be employed in that vicinity.

WINDMILLS.—The suggestive and pretty notion of small windmills on farms for small purposes, such as cutting chaff and turnips, etc., has been put lately into active operation by a firm that is very clever in agricultural instrument making.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The Flour market continues very dull, the demand for export and home use is limited, and prices are nominally unchanged. Small sales of superfine are making mostly to supply the trade at $4 75 a 5 for common mixed and good; $5 75 a $6 00 for family, and $6 25 a 7 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are not inquired for. We quote the former at $3 25, and the latter at $2 62½ per barrel.

GRAIN.—There is little Wheat offering, but the market is dull and prices are without any material change. Sales of 3000 bushels Western Pennsylvania red at $1 20 a 1 23 in store and $1 23 a 1 25 for prime Pennsylvania afloat, and white at $1 30 a 1 40 and dull. Rye 60 cents. Corn, is unsettled with small sales of prime Southern yellow at 52 cents, afloat, and some Western mixed at 48 cents. The receipts of Oats are light and the market steady at 29 a 30 cents for Delaware and Pennsylvania.

UNDERTAKING.—WILLIAM HEACOCK, General Furnishing Undertaker, No. 18 North Ninth St., West Side, above Market, Philadelphia.

REFERENCES—Dillwyn Parrish, Samuel Parry, Joseph C. Turnpenny, Thomas B. Longstreth, George Peterson.

6 mo. 29th, 1861—6 m.

I have just received a lot of SMALL PLAID INDIA SILKS. Also, FRENCH, in BLUE, BLCK, BROWN, GREEN and PURPLE. Tarlton MUSLIN, Stiff and Sheer. BOOK MUSLINS, all prices. BOOK MUSLIN HDKFS, nice assortment. Cashmere, Barcelona, Sarsnet and Crape Shawls. Crape Lise, Cap Crape and Bobinett. 50 doz. L. C. Hdkfs, at $1.50 per dozen. Nice assortment of Men and Boy's Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings. Hosiery and Gloves in great variety. Plain Hand-made Mitts—choice colors. Plain Silk Gloves imported for Friends.

The above goods will be sold at the lowest market value, at JOHN H. STOKES,

Philada, 5th mo. 6th—6t 702 Arch St.

NOTICE.—Several colored Boys from 10 to 13 years of age, ready to be apprenticed in the country. Enquire at the Home for Destitute Colored Children, in Maylandville, West Philadelphia, or to Rachel Wilson Moore, 313 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, or Passmore Williamson, S. W. cornêr of Arch and Seventh Streets. 6th mo. 22.

FRIENDS' HAT STORE. Silk, Beaver and Other Hats, French and American Felts. Men's and Boy's Caps, Children's Hats and Caps.

STRAW GOODS in great variety. Hats made to order at short notice.

CHAS. LAING & CO.,
N. E. cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts.,
AMOS J. MICHENER. Philada.
4th mo. 6th, 1v.

GEORGE A. NEWBOLD, having obtained a good location near Norristown, expects to open a select school for Young Men and Boys, the 15th of next Ninth mo.

The number will be limited to 25. For circulars direct to him, Norristown P. O. Montgomery County, Pennsylvania.

N. B.—A few Summer Boarders can be accommodated. Any wishing a pleasant retreat for the summer, please address as above.

6th mo. 8.

OSWEGO VILLAGE SCHOOL, N. Y.
AMY DRURY, Principal.

This Boarding School will open its Summer Session on the 9th of 5th Month, and continue twenty weeks, as a School for Young Ladies.

Competent teachers will be employed. Drawing and Painting will be taught.

Terms, $60 per Session of twenty weeks, half payable in advance, the remainder at the middle of the term.

Drawing and Painting extra.

ANDREW A. SKIDMORE, Proprietor.

REFERENCES. Alfred Moore, Oswegoburg, John D. Wright, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 4th mo. 13, 1861.

Merrihew & Thompson, Prs., Lodge st.